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## The Voice, the Ear and Music.\*

[We propose to translate for our readers some considerable portions of the very clear and popular exposition of the discoveries of HELMHOLTZ, contained in the little book, with the above title, by M. AUGUSTE LAUGEL.† These discoveries are the basis of much that has been found new and beautiful in Tyndall "Lectures on Sound," and we are all interested here just now in the practical application of them to the culture of "The Voice in Singing" brought to us by Mme. EMMA SEILER.—J. S. D.]

### I.

#### ANALYSIS OF SOUND.

The pleasures of science are severe, but they have something perfect, durable, achieved, which every other pleasure wants. We must needs pity those who are incapable of experiencing delight in seeing unveiled before their eyes a new truth, a law of immortal nature, or in observing how, by ingenious and continual metamorphoses, one and the same principle engenders a well-ordered series of unexpected consequences. Never, for my part, have I better felt these keen and subtle emotions of the mind than in studying the recent discoveries of HELMHOLTZ in Acoustics. After so many labors, researches and discoveries on the nervous system, on physiological Optics, on the great question of the transformation of forces, the indefatigable Heidelberg professor has attacked Acoustics, and, one may say, has made a new science of it. Newton, Euler, Laplace, Poisson had laid the foundations of the theory of sonorous vibrations; but their high analysis had never stooped to the concrete world of instrumentation. By the side of their unapplied formulas, Acoustics registered experiences more or less ingenious; after its great theorists it had its humble workers, but it owed but little to their efforts: Cagniard de la Tour, Savart himself, were hardly more than clever mechanicians.

The strangest thing about it is, that no uniting bridge had ever been thrown across between Acoustics and Music: the science remained sterile, the art obeyed merely the impulses of æsthetic instinct. Some great minds, Pythagoras, Kepler, Rameau, d'Alembert, had no doubt divined a secret family relationship between these things; but these vague intuitions had never come out upon laws. The most learned treatises on Harmony are a mere collection of empirical rules sanctioned by the experience of ages.

But now all the hitherto detached phenomena assume their places in an admirable synthesis.\* The physical philosopher of Heidelberg is not one of those experimenters who, groping in the domain of facts, stumble accidentally upon an unknown truth. Armed with the torch of high mathematical analysis, he marches with an assured step; he does not await, he evokes phenomena. On the other hand, penetrated with

the fruitful principles of modern dynamics, he sees in the world only force and movement; and the laws of rational mechanics guide him in the study of all the manifestations of matter.

Considering sound as one particular mode of molecular movements, he has known how to draw from the study of these movements all the consequences which the mathematics had, so to say, left there in the embryonic state, and he has imagined instruments, apparatus, by which these consequences, visible for the mind, become so for the senses. No more coming pretty near, no more approximations, no more scattering inductions; all is held fast, all is enchainé in this vast system, and we are led on from the most elementary phenomena of the vibration of sonorous bodies to the laws (but yesterday profoundly mysterious) of harmony and of the combination of sounds. We discover the so recently impenetrable secret of that strange property, the *timbre* or quality of sounds; we comprehend wherein the same notes differ upon different instruments. Rameau, who might be called the Malherbe of French music, had long ago divined that musical sounds are formed of several simple sounds, as light is composed of different rays; but Helmholtz has found the means of decomposing the most complex sound, and of thus discerning, even in the noisiest concert, the most evanescent simple notes: a discovery as strange as it is fruitful, since in nature there are no simple notes, and all her sounds are fusions, concerts, accords. In explaining the *timbre*, Helmholtz has at the same time shown what distinguishes and characterizes the vowels; the physiologist, succeeding to the physicist, has explained how the human ear analyzes the sonorous perceptions, and in what way multiple impressions there determine the unity of sensation. In fine, the musician has brought out one by one from the very analysis of sounds the complex and hitherto wholly empirical laws of harmony.

Thus enlarged, Acoustics is no longer that dry and hacknied science whose rudiments are still found set forth without art in all the treatises on Physics; it becomes a branch of universal Dynamics, and of Æsthetics at the same time. It is no longer a mere chapter of the elasticity of bodies, it is a sort of musical grammar. Of course it cannot lend to the musician melodies, any more than an ordinary grammar furnishes a writer with ideas; but it teaches him how to write correctly in music; it gives him, not genius, but style.

If there were need of proofs to show that matter is not continuous, but is composed of parts, it would suffice to cite the phenomena of sound. In a sonorous body, whether solid, liquid or gaseous, all the molecules displace one another and enter into vibration. If these movements are confused, unequal in duration and intensity, we only hear a noise; if they are rhythmical and for some time like each other, we perceive a sound. The molecule, in executing its invisible dance, may have been drawn more or less away from its orig-

inal place; hence a sound more or less intense. The amplitude of the movement regulates the intensity of the sound; the rapidity of period of vibration determines its pitch or place upon the musical scale. The grave notes result from a slow vibration, the acute notes from a more rapid, more precipitate tremor. The molecule, free and *complaisant*, lends itself to infinite degrees of quickness; but the human ear only perceives with ease and pleasure the vibrations enclosed within certain limits.\* The ear can seize a sound which responds to 33,000 vibrations; but then the sensation becomes painful, and at these extreme rates of quickness the notes are no longer clearly distinguishable from one another.

The scale of vibrations of a pianoforte of seven octaves runs from 33 to 3960, and the difference of these figures bears witness already to the sensitive elasticity of our auditory apparatus and to the infinite number of combinations which so rich a gamut offers to harmony.†

The study of the vibratory movements made by Galileo, Newton, Euler and Daniel Bernoulli, has long since furnished all the elements for the knowledge of sounds as it regards intensity and tonality; but there is in sound another quality, the *timbre*, which, when Helmholtz approached the examination of it, still defied all the efforts of the physicists. The *timbre* does not need to be defined; we all know how to distinguish a note of the piano from the same note played upon a violin; in the same way we recognize the *a*, the *o*, the *i* held by the same singer and upon the same note; the vowels, so to speak, are only particular and changing *timbres* of the human voice. Yet what is this particular quality of sound, which depends neither upon height nor upon intensity?

The physical geometers had an answer to this question: In the sonorous body, they said, every molecule is in motion and describes an invisible orbit. The rapidity of the revolution determines the tonality; but the form itself of the orbit cannot be without influence: behold the element which must determine the *timbre*.‡ This, we must confess, is one of those explanations which explain nothing: it gives only a deceptive satisfaction to the mind. We may admit in a vague way that the inflexions more or less rapid, the *herissemens* more or less acute, the curvatures more or less softened of the sonorous wave have an influence on the *quality* of the sound; but where is the direct relationship between this ge-

\* The lowest note of an orchestra is the lower *mi* (E) of the double-bass, which corresponds to 41 vibrations per second; the highest note is the upper *re* (d) of the *piccolo* or octave flute, which requires 4762 vibrations per second.

† In some recent organs they have constructed pipes which have only 16 vibrations per second; but such low notes, like the highest, produce very unsatisfactory effects upon the ear; they should be employed but rarely and as auxiliary to the higher octaves.

‡ We know that, to represent the vibratory movements to the eye, we figure them by sinuous curves like those offered to the surface of the water by successive waves: the height of the wave depicts the intensity of the sound; the length of the wave its rapidity of vibration, and consequently its tonality; finally the form of the wave, infinitely variable, will represent the *timbre*.

\* "La Voix, L'Oreille et la Musique." Par AUGUSTE LAUGEL. Paris, 1867.

\* "Die Lehre von den Tonempfindungen, als physiologische Grundlage für die Theorie der Musik." (Study of sonorous impressions, as a physiological basis for the Theory of Music). By H. HELMHOLTZ.

ometry and the impressions which different *timbres* produce upon us? I want to know why the sighs of the oboe differ from the tremors of the violin, the bursts of the trumpets, the smothered sounds of the horn, the nasal sweetness of the bassoon; I would fain comprehend in what the different stops of the organ differ; why its harmonies can fluctuate from roaring loudness to sounds as soft as seraphs' wings; why its breath sometimes thrills me through, sometimes caresses me as with invisible kisses. If, to content my curiosity, you only offer it some designs in which all forms of waves are figured, it does not seize the bond between such a cause and such effects.

(To be continued.)

### The Musical Festival at Schwerin.

Mr. Chorley writes to his old paper, the London *Athenæum*, (Oct. 3), the following account of the late Festival in the capital of Mecklenburg.

Granted such a locality as Schwerin, and such glowing autumn weather as we have been enjoying this year, few entertainments can be imagined more healthily pleasant than a German musical festival, if only on account of the artistic earnestness and the social heartiness with which it is carried through. It is good in every point of view to be able from time to time to contrast one of these meetings with our home celebrations of the kind, which exercise so important an influence on the progress of Art.

Here the surroundings and the scenery (so to say) of the entertainment have had a character and a charm of their own, separating this festival from those which I have attended elsewhere in Germany. The long lake, on which the little capital stands, with its windings and creeks and islets, and sloping shores plentifully tufted with trees,—the palace commanding it, a stately and picturesque building, in which the grand style of French palatial architecture (as seen at Chambord) has been happily adopted without servile reproduction, are not to be overlooked as so many important, if not essential, elements of pleasure. No treason against England, I could not help thinking of the places where our best festivals have been held, such as Birmingham, Bradford, and the cotton capital of Lancashire. On the other hand, the solemnizing influence of our cathedrals, which gives our Midland festivals a character and feeling of their own, apart from their artistic value, was not here. The sacred music was not performed in the *Dom*—one of those lofty Gothic brick buildings which abound on the verge of the Baltic—but in the Riding School attached to the ducal stables, arranged, swept, garnished, and made as sweet as circumstances permitted—to the great displeasure, it may be, of Masters of the Horse and grooms shut out of their own empire for some days. No matter: the building, though not convenient as regards entrance and exit, was sufficiently handsome and comfortable, looked gay and proved to be (what many a cathedral is not) effectively sonorous, without undue resonance. The arrangements did not, of course, permit of the introduction of an organ in the orchestra,—a serious loss when any work by Handel has to be given; but this was fairly compensated for by the judicious arrangements of a competent conductor, Herr Schmitt, the son of Aloys Schmitt, of Frankfurt,—like his father, obviously an excellent and able musician.

The orchestra included a chorus of 247 singers, contributed by the town, and by Rostock, Wismar, Neu-Strelitz, &c., and other adjacent places. The band—mainly a local force—numbered 77 performers. To both the chorus and the band very high praise is due. The full body of sound was excellent—some weakness on the part of the *alto* singers allowed for. The gradations and delicacies of effect were wrought out in the best German fashion of sensitiveness, without affectation or finicality. The *solo* singers were Mme. Harriers-Wippert (*soprano*) and Mme. Joachim (*alto*), MM. Schild (*tenor*), Krause and Hill (*basses*). Herr Joachim was the *solo* violin-player. Concerning the merits of the two ladies, there is no need to write to London. Among the gentlemen, Herr Krause, the veteran, was incontestably the most satisfactory, as having that real method of producing and managing the voice which is now, unhappily, passing out of the world. But that every one engaged brought her and his best will and powers to bear on the allotted task was pleasantly evident. I wish that such was the universal law of our more costly English music meetings.

The first day's performance was devoted to Han-

del's "Israel." It is no light praise to say, that the most difficult portions of this oratorio went the best; in particular, the execution of the chorus, "The people shall hear," deserved to be specified. In other of the numbers of this grand oratorio, a slight want of that solidity of force (I know not better how to express it), which is essential to the right execution of Handel's music, might have been objected to by a hypercritical listener. The fact, easily ascribable to the composer's creation and direction of his own works in England, cannot be gainsaid, that the traditions of their execution are more firmly established in our country than elsewhere. This was expressly to be felt in the *solo* portions of the oratorio, where not one of the clever singers engaged (Herr Krause excepted) was heard to his best advantage.

The second day's concert had a heavy, but most interesting programme. The first act was made up of scenes from Gluck's noble "Iphigenia in Aulis." After this, according to German usage, Beethoven's Symphony in A major was most admirably given. Of his instrumental works, as I have had occasion to feel when hearing them in Paris and in London, the Germans have the real, and perhaps incommunicable tradition,—that intimate, enthusiastic, reverential feeling, which is alike remote from carelessness or affectation in expression. This again, was to be felt in the execution of the movements from Beethoven's "Missa Solennis," which concluded the concert. The unparagoned glory and amplitude of the "Kyrie" could not have been more pompously or expressively rendered. The position of the "Sanctus" and "Benedictus" and of the "Gloria" was reversed. The execution of the two first-named numbers cannot be overpraised. The trying violin *solo* in the "Benedictus" could not have been more perfectly felt and executed than by Herr Joachim. What may be called the mystical portions of the hymn, accompanying the most solemn act of the Roman Catholic rite, were brought out with an effect of thrilling awe not to be surpassed. But I felt once again on hearing this grandly-imagined music, with every disposition to surrender myself to its influences, that impression of strain which cannot be averted whenever, as frequently occurs in this Mass, the poet demands from his interpreters more than Nature put it in their power to give freely. It is not the elevation of his thought that fatigues the ear; but the anxiety which must follow the exertions so preternaturally overtaxed as those of the voices in this Mass and in the Choral Symphony.

The same exception may be taken, in yet stronger degree, to many passages in the "Gloria," and the entire treatment of its final fugue. There the singers have to struggle with modulations, which no familiarity, no mastery, can render other than crude and ineffective. The credit and sympathy due to every one co-operating in this Schwerin performance made the sense of the too frequent ungraciousness of the task all the keener; and the regret was not lessened by the conviction that it is from these extravagant and ungenial combinations (in which all beauty and clearness of original idea disappear) the large company of young German musicians have taken their departure, as regards appreciation and creative effort.

In the last day's performance—a miscellaneous concert—the playing of Beethoven's Violin Concerto, by Herr Joachim, is especially to be commemorated, not merely because of the universal perfection with which it was rendered—happily familiar to us at home,—but for the novelty of his *cadenza* in the first movement. Nothing of its kind more original and artistic, and as such legitimately effective, occurs to my recollection. The difficulty of originality under the circumstances, be it recollected, increases with every year that goes on.

H. F. C.

(From the Cornhill Magazine.)

### "The English are not a Musical People."

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

(Concluded from page 333.)

#### II.

We come now to the period of the Restoration. Whether the exile of Charles II. be the worst subject of regret, or his return, it was at least a natural consequence of his years of residence in a foreign country that he should be imbued with foreign tastes as with foreign morals. Of the latter it boots not here to speak; of the former it may be said that his institution, registered in nursery rhyme, of "four-and-twenty fiddlers," of whom John Banister was the leader, if an imitation of the "Grands Violons" of Louis XIV., or of the "petits violons" organized to give scope to the talent of Lully, it was an imitation in form only, the substance of a royal orchestra having been an appanage of the court of England since the days of Elizabeth, if not from time immemorial.

Further, though some foreign musicians were attracted hither by the King's welcome, they made no stand against the brilliant constellation of native artists who still give lustre to the age in which their genius swayed the tide of fashion. French biographers state that Cambert came to London after his reverses at home, reproduced one of his operas, and died here; but no notice of his presence has been found in English annals. Unquestionably Grabut was in England, and composed the allegorical opera of "Albion and Albanus" to Dryden's verses. We also know that Draghi and Pignani spent some years in England. But what of this knowledge? What of the certainty that a score of such Italians and Frenchmen were among us, who failed to touch the heart of the people whom they addressed, or to stamp their impress upon the development of their art? Compare these names with that of Henry Lawes, whose brother William, also a composer, had fallen at the siege of Chester, when Charles I. wore mourning in respect for his memory and in honor of his talent; Henry Lawes, whose exquisite powers of musical expression and declamation are eulogized by Milton and Waller, and whose esteem was so high that the approved poets of the time and the young nobles who courted poetic glory were emulous of his setting music to their verses. Compare these names with that of Matthew Locke, who, though the music be lost which he composed for "Macbeth," and though the music in "Macbeth" be not his which is commonly accredited to him, wrote the opera of "Psyche" prior to Lully's of the same name, wrote other works for the stage, wrote for the Romanist Church as organist to the Queen, wrote vocal and instrumental music for the Chamber, and wrote glees for the people. Compare these names with that of Pelham Humphreys, whom Pepys describes as "keeping time to the music," (or, in modern phrase, conducting), at Whitehall in the year when, at the age of nineteen, he wrote the music for Dryden's spoliation of the "Tempest," and therein proved that the lyrical art of the age was superior to the poetical. Compare these names with that of Henry Purcell, who was the greatest musician of his own age, and who, in his wonderful insight into the latest modern resources of harmony, and his delicate application of the powers of melodic expression, as far exceeded the past as he anticipated the future of his art. Not to look further, such comparison will fully account for the non influence of Charles's foreign proclivities upon the national lyrical muse.

A brief allusion must suffice to the institution of public concerts, which were first given during this reign. Banister, before mentioned, was the originator of musical performances to which an audience paid for admission. These were held at a large room near the gate of the Temple in Whitefriars, where a curtain screened the diffident singers and players from the public, who paid to hear, but not to see them. At these concerts, ale and tobacco were permitted to the audience, and they thus stand as precedents for the music hall entertainments that have an egregious effect on the taste of our present day. Prior to Banister's concerts, there were music-clubs held in several places—"a lane at the back of Paul's," the "Mitro Tavern," near the west front of the Cathedral, and elsewhere. These were of a social nature, the members being all exponents, and resembled, so far as possible, with the discrepancy of time and place, the Liedertafel at present in vogue in Germany; so that here we find another appropriation of English practice in the musical habits of our consanguine German. It is noteworthy that the members of these clubs were principally of what are now called the working-classes, since this proves that technical musicianship was still common among the people; and it is further noteworthy that persons of daintier habits and ampler means were co-members with them, since this proves that with men of musical tastes, fellowship in its gratification superseded tailors' distinctions. Lastly, let me observe that the first public room devoted specially to musical performances, without the alloy of physical refection, was opened in 1680, stood at the corner of Villiers and Duke streets, York Buildings, Strand, where the "Griffin" public-house now occupies its site, and was the resort of music lovers of all classes. Let me prove from this, that since King Charles's time, when the custom began to decline among our nobility of maintaining each a musical establishment for his private gratifications, musical performances in concert-rooms have been accessible to the public.

The musical faith of England—and I use the word "faith" in its deepest and fullest sense—which the asperity of the Protectorate could not crush, and the frivolity of the Restoration could not dissipate, received its first shock in Queen Anne's reign, and lapsed, through indifference and scepticism, into downright infidelity, under the administration of that good lady's Hanoverian successors. It was during



her sovereignty that the first experiment of Italian opera was made in this country; and it is to its subsequent establishment as one of the institutions of the metropolis, and the gross affectation which this bred and nourished, that the degradation of art in England is wholly to be ascribed. At an earlier time, some sprigs of nobility returned from foreign travel, and some satellites of the Merry Monarch pretended to a pleasure from performances in the Italian tongue which those in our own beautiful language failed to yield them; and they were justly satirized by Henry Lawes, who composed a song which obtained a wide acceptance, and which he afterwards showed to have been set to an index of the first lines of a collection of Italian poems, none of which bore any reference to the others. Not less absurd than this production, was the form of the first dramatic representations in which Italian singers appeared in London. The characters in these were divided between the exotic and our native executants, and the representatives of the two nationalities sang respectively in their own language, so that a question and its answer were in different tongues, and a lover and his mistress exchanged their vows in words that were unintelligible to each other. Music, like the other arts, has its cycles and its seasons; and, as there was a lapse in the pictorial greatness of Italy after the painters of the Cinque Cento, and in the literary splendor of England after the poets of the Elizabethan era, there was such a torpor in the musical genius of our country after the musicians who wrought side by side with Purcell. Hence, the hybrid performances just described were unopposed—the single champion of our secular music, apart from the Church composers of the day, being one Clayton, who was only distinguished for his utter want of distinction, and thus was powerless to check their progress. These libels on common sense and travesties of dramatic art were presented here in 1707 and the two following years; but in 1710, as the *Spectator* humorously expresses it, the fashionable world was relieved from the trouble of "understanding half an opera," for the performance was then given entirely in Italian. Even with this release from all mental exertion, the said fashionable world yielded but a questionable vitality to the new entertainment, which had its vicissitudes of worse and better fortune, and took not permanent root until its patronage became a political, more than an art demonstration, and the affectation that usurped the dominion of taste passed all bounds of civil decency.

Was it love of art, for instance, which induced the Prince of Wales to espouse the cause of an Opposition opera-house to that supported by George II., when the quarrels between the King and his son ran so high as to cause the public advertisement in the daily journals that any persons who attended the Prince's levees would not be received at St. James's; when the members of the King's and Prince's parties frequented respectively the one theatre or the other; and when it was a sign of Whiggery or Toryism for one to be found at the opera in the Haymarket or at that in Lincoln's Inn Fields? Was it love of art that induced the adherents of the royal George or the princely Frederick to evince their lordly breeding and gentle manners in tearing down the play-bills from the door of the theatre patronized by the rival faction? Was it love of art that induced ladies of quality to invite large assemblies from which it would have been as much a political offence as a breach of etiquette to be absent, on the nights when a new singer or a new composition was to be brought forward at the opera-house of the opposition party, in order to withdraw its most eminent supporters from among the audience? Was it love of art that justified a young lady's defence in the Court of Equity of her failure in a marriage contract—and this, too, on a 14th of February, of all days in the year—that her suitor in love and law had openly declared his dislike of Farinelli's singing, and that she could not become the life associate of such a monster? Was it love of art that excited another lady in high life at the close of one of the same singer's feats of vocal dexterity, to throw herself forward from her box, and casting up her arms and eyes towards the ceiling of the theatre, rapturously ejaculate, "One God! one Farinelli!" Love and art had as little concern in such extravagances as reason and nature.

What was the immediate effect of the unfortunate fashion which has infected the taste and the truth of a hundred and fifty years? It at first provoked the sarcasm of the choicest wits of the time, and so enriched our literature with many a humorous sally, best remembered of which is that of Richard Byron, erroneously attributed to Swift, epigrammatically commemorating the feud between the Buononcini and the Handelists, and closing with the couplet,

"Strange that such difference should be  
Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee."

This was, likely enough, an advantage, but one perhaps scarcely sufficient for letters, to counterbalance the concomitant evils to a sister art.

The worst of these evils is that our aristocracy, and those who ape its manners, led by the example of foreign rulers and the foreign court by whom this was strengthened, took to ignoring everything Anglican in connection with music. Our executive and productive abilities were unacknowledged by the classes of high birth and wealthy means, and even our noble English language was depreciated, stigmatized as unavailable for music—the language in which the thundering annunciation "He hath triumphed gloriously" makes every hearer tremble with joyous awe, while it proclaims that Handel knew how to accentuate it—the language in which the pathetic adjuration "Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto His sorrow!" draws tears from every one who has Christian feelings or human sympathies, while it demonstrates that Mr. Sims Reeves knows how to enunciate it. How much has been lost in the works that might have been written had not the light and warmth of recognition been denied to English genius, cannot be conjectured. How much has been lost in the pleasure that might have cheered society, had not our private singers preferred the Italian to their own tongue, until they have become as incompetent to pronounce the one as unable to understand the other, might be more easily computed. The loss is, however, obvious. Handel frittered away his time and his genius in England from his twenty-fifth until his forty-eighth year, in the production of undramatic operas for the exhibition of effete singers in Italian, before his "Esther" and his "Acis and Galatea" were publicly performed. Not one of his many Italian operas ever will, ever can be given again; the latest representation of any one of them having been that of "Giulio Cesare," by command of George III., in 1787, when it had already become an antiquarian curiosity; and, had Handel continued to feed the fashion with such pieces of purely temporary interest, his labors, if not his name, would now be unknown. The series of his deathless compositions to English words, sacred and secular, which are the pillars of his eternal fame, dates from the public performance of "Esther" and "Acis and Galatea" in 1732; and all time has therefore lost the treasures which must have sprung from his giant powers during the twenty-three years of life at which most men's minds are at the strongest, had not the follies and vices of the day prevailed against him and us and futurity.

The foundation of the Madrigal Society, in 1741, proves that the anti-nationalism of the time was limited to the foreign court and its surroundings. John Imyns, who originated this yet existing but greatly modified institution, was an attorney whom circumstances had reduced to gain his bread in the capacity of a lawyer's clerk. His madrigalian associates were Spitalfields weavers, small tradesmen, and artisans, all of the humbler classes. John Hawkins, the musical historian, was a member in his younger days, when his condition was little better than that of the founder; but he left the society when he rose in his profession, before he was appointed magistrate of Bow Street and dignified with knighthood. Mark this as indicative of the social changes which four-score years had effected: at the music clubs in the days of Charles II., gentle and simple met for the common practice and enjoyment of the art they loved, but at the Madrigal Society in George II.'s time persons of better means shrank from the fellowship of their poorer brethren, and sacrificed music to taste. The first meetings of the Society were held at the sign of the Twelve Bells in Bride Lane. These took place once a week, and a quarterly subscription of three shillings was the fee for membership, which included the cost of a supper on each occasion. Frugal fellows these must have been, the first of the Madrigal Society, who could sing and sup together at the rate of something under threepence a time; but they were right musical in their frugality, having a law that forbade, under the penalty of sixpence, supping during singing hours, so as to insure respect for the object of their assembly and the utmost edification from its pursuit. The admission test for membership was the requirement to sing at sight any piece from the society library; and this test was administered between the first and second acts of the evening's performance, then and there, in hearing of all the members. The society had implicit belief in the choral music of the olden time, and contemned the foreign trivialities of the day as degrading to art and derogatory to England. It was instituted, therefore, to preserve the former in substance and in practice. The Madrigal Society made many migrations from tavern to tavern, and underwent many upheavings in its rate of subscription. It has now degenerated into a community of gentlemen presided over by

an Indian Maharajah, who hold eight monthly meetings at the Freemasons' Tavern during the year, at which dining is the first essential, and music follows with the desert, in abnegation of the primitive law against simultaneous supping and singing, and who pay, besides the charge for dinner, an annual subscription of more pounds than shillings of the original quarterage, when the gatherings were six and a half times more frequent; but it is still a monument of the musical love and skill of the people proper in the very year, 1741, when Handel wrote the "Messiah" for Dublin, because London did not countenance him, and he was thus compelled to seek in Ireland for opportunities which he could not obtain here.

Of a totally different constitution from that of the Madrigal Society are the Noblemen and Gentlemen's Catch Club, the Glee Club, and the Conventores Sodales, founded respectively in 1762, in 1787, and in 1798: the first by some of the gentry who had a fancy to spice their cakes and ale with the savor of song; the second by Dr. Arnold and Dr. Callcott, for the purpose of drawing attention, and thus the patronage, of the wealthy to their art; and the third by William Horsley, under the godfatherhood of the scholarly Samuel Webbe, with the more professional, if not more practical, object of promoting vocal composition.

The glee was now developed into a special class of writing, as distinguished from the madrigal, the ballet, and the part song, but it lost its etymological gleesome character and became more frequently heroic, pastoral, amatory, or even pathetic, than convivial; nay, the anomalous epithet "serious glee" is not of rare application, as who should say lugubrious mirth or doleful jollity, and so at best make but a sad joke or a sorry jest.

Upon the whole, although the glee be admitted as a class of composition essentially English, it is a class in which we have no great occasion for pride, since, as a class, the excellent pieces which form the minority of its instances are too exceptional to give specific dignity. Musical England has been "under a cloud"—I confess while I bewail it—ever since she has been governed by kings and queens and princes who have spoken German as their native speech, or been the sons or daughters of German fathers or German mothers or both; and the English glee may be at best regarded as a rainbow on the cloud, giving promise of the renewed fertility of our native land after the drying up of the deluge.

The nature of the glee indicates, to some extent, that of the clubs established for its professed cultivation. The first object of all these clubs was to dine. The next was to listen to, not to participate in, the performance of glees, rounds, and catches. The next was to award prizes for compositions in classes, which prizes—as a matter of course—have not always been gained by the most meritorious pieces offered in competition. The character of these pieces is, in many cases, such as to suit the after dinner temperament of that order of gentlemen who considered themselves unworthy of the title if they went to bed with less than two bottles of wine within their waistcoats. It is vain-glorious, mock-heroic, hibulous, or sentimental, so as to fit it to the several stages of bottledom of those who heard, and the several degrees of inward complacency of those who sang it. The facility of the production of such pieces is as clearly evidenced as the fecundity of the composer, in the fact that on one occasion Dr. Callcott sent into the Catch Club the extraordinary number of one hundred several works to compete for its annual prize: a fact which so incommoded the umpires that the Club prohibited any candidate from submitting more than twelve pieces on any future occasion. Ladies had no admission to the festivities of these institutions, and the treble parts, when there were any in the glees, were sung by boys, who, it is to be hoped, derived better musical than they could moral advantages from their share in the evening's proceedings.

All this while, from Queen Anne's time downwards, when the court and fashion had their Italian opera, when the workers of the town had their madrigalian suppers, with an occasional country excursion, of which music made the chief pleasure, and the festive gentry made the patronage of glee-singing a pretext for their convivial meetings, our song-writers, however disesteemed, were adding to the nation's wealth by the multiplication of their simple melodies, successively characteristic of the days in which they were written; and they thus kept alive in the heart of the people the enfeebled but never yet extinguished love of music. Each and every of these composers has contributed his store to the joyousness of Englishmen, and thus to their welfare.

Had I space to comment upon each, I might name many musicians, productive and executive, whose talent brightened the early years of the present cen-

tury, who would be better regarded here had they been born elsewhere, and better known in other countries had not their doings, like their birthplace, been shut out from the European continent by the seas that surround us. More than any of these is honored that of Sir H. R. Bishop, who made himself master of the circumstances of the moment, met the time's requirements when no one else had the skill or the will to do so, and in a few years of rapid productivity, such as has rarely been matched, planted a reputation that will long be kept green by the multitude of favorite pieces which still nourish its root.

Bishop domiciled the glee upon the stage, restored to it its instrumental accompaniment and its dialogical, if not its dramatic, character, and gave to it, if not also restored—for my belief is that ladies shared the performance of the first Commonwealth specimens—the advantage of female voices. The voice of woman is to music what her smile is to society; it gives nerve and clearness to the most salient points of the harmony, and brightens the melodious surface. The usage of the theatre induced the first employment of women singers in Bishop's concerted music; the music being appropriated to them was available for private performance, and society, reversing the proverb, showed that where there is a way there is a will, in adopting the music directly it came within reach. It is too true that Bishop retarded the re-awakening among us of the musicality which the manners of the four Georges had lulled. He retarded this by flattering the ignorance to which the public was degraded, in mangling the masterpieces of foreign schools to reduce them to the level of untaught comprehension, instead of teaching the people through the gentle lesson of their winning beauty; and he further retarded it by contracting his own genial capabilities within the Chinese shoe of convention, instead of permitting their natural expansion so that they might draw upwards the popular intelligence. The world's gratitude is due to him, however, for having socialized the musical art, for having given the opportunity, and thus revived the custom, for women and men to conjoin together for mutual pleasure in musical performance. It is, I feel, largely if not wholly due to the charm and to the practicability of this composer's glees, that family meetings for music became common, then extended themselves into minglings of several families, and have now grown into the greater and smaller choral institutions that aid to elevate the nation by disseminating a knowledge and rekindling the ancient love of art in every city and town, if not yet in every village and hamlet throughout the country.

It is more than thirty years ago that madrigal singing, with its old choral multiplicity of voices, became a feature which always proves to be the most interesting at public concerts. Then followed the importation and instant adoption of German part-songs, which are reproductions, I will not say imitations, of the precise form and character of those that were written and sung in England two hundred and fifty years before. The revival of madrigals incited our young musicians to contrapuntal study. The revival of part-songs stimulated their freer thought to seek expression, and to find it, in modern phraseology, characterized by the modern harmonic resources from which this springs.

The Philharmonic Society was established in 1813, and it has done much to arouse the musical sense of its limited number of subscribers. It has done yet more for art in eliciting, by express commission, from Beethoven, from Mendelssohn, and from several other masters, some of the best of their works. The existence of this Society and the result of its operations are alone negatory of the aspersions which it is the aim of these remarks to contradict. A shorter-lived and less respected institution, the Society of British Musicians, began, in 1834, its good work of encouragement to native artists and guidance to those who knew not how to appreciate them, by its defiance of the prejudice which had spread by this time from the upper to the lower classes. Musical organizations have multiplied in later years with growing benefit to the musicianship of the country, most important, though not most successful, among which have been those expressly devoted to the lyrical drama in our native language. It must not be overlooked, as an important incident in the art history of these later times, that in 1822 was established, and in the following year was opened, our Royal Academy of Music, which gave a strong impetus to musical study and has proved a valuable arena for its pursuit. Thence have emanated musicians that adorn every department of the art, and there germs of musical promise are in course of cultivation.

Mr. John Hullah enjoys a deserved esteem for his share, under the auspices of the Council of Education, in the popular culture of the last eight and thirty years; but it is perhaps a question whether the large assumptions of persons, otherwise well educated,

who have gleaned a minimum of musical knowledge through the means he has rendered easily accessible, be not an evil to art far greater than the good that has been wrought among the common people by his teaching, and that of his pupil-teachers.

One more institution demands mention because it begins to command a very wide respect. This is the Tonic Sol-Fa Association, which, however its instructional means, has manifestly the effect of disseminating musical knowledge among the masses—an effect mainly due to the zealous activity of its leaders. Let me adduce, with thankful pleasure, a fact that is more than a year old, in evidence of the useful working of these friends of art. At a multitudinous assembly of the disciples of this singular system, a piece of music which had been composed for the occasion, and had not until then been seen by human eyes save those of the writer and the printers, was handed forth to the members of the chorus there present, and then, before an audience furnished at the same time with copies to test the accuracy of the performance, forty-five hundred singers sang it at first sight in a manner to fulfil the highest requirements of the severest judges. The pretense is too foolish to have any weight, that in a town where such a feat was possible, there was not a vast amount of fondness and aptitude for music among the public at large, from whom, or from its lower ranks chiefly, the members were gathered of this ready-reading choir. During these last hundred and fifty years, the royal and the noble of the land have despised our language and disregarded the music associated with it, and the world at large has followed in their footsteps, until their affected mincing gait has shuffled out of use the firm, honest tread of an Englishman. The people are now beginning to think for themselves in defiance of the prejudice which, from within or without, has overgrown them like a fungus; and at their volunteer musical drillings, as at their volunteer rifle drillings, they are gaining power and confidence to stand erect and march by the strength of their own conviction.

Meantime, our Italian Opera has, for a second time, become twofold, and so, by force of rivalry and partisanship, more than doubled its pernicious art influence. A considerable minority of the composers whose works are there performed are Italians. A minority of the compositions were originally set to the Italian language, and those which are translated suffer materially from the transduction, in the sound, the accent, and the very sense of the misappropriated words, and in the perversion of the author's design in misfitting them to the uses of the Italian stage. A large majority of the vocalists who present these distorted works of art are not Italians, and the several German, French, Swedish, American and English singers—who some of them may not understand the language they have to utter, and many of them cannot pronounce it—would be heard to better advantage each in his own native tongue, if not in one that was familiar to his audience.

It would now be a pleasure to speak of the English musicians of the matured and of the rising generation who are at present working in the midst of us. A few words, however, would not do justice to their separate claims upon general sympathy with their various endeavors in the cause they have on hand and at heart; and other reasons besides the bounds of space render it impossible to enlarge upon their merits. I will only aver that such men are, and refer to public experience of recent years for warrant of the country's right to trust in them.

My allusions have been all to vocal compositions, because such works are generally more accessible than the instrumental music of former times; and such men have more directly addressed the nation at large than those who wrote for the gratification of persons skilled in some particular department of musical art. I have spoken only of secular music, as being specially the music of the people. English Church music is distinct alike from the Roman and the Lutheran. The excellent merit of that produced during the first two centuries after the Reformation, before Hanoverian influence demoralized as much the Church as its art-accessories, is only unacknowledged where it is unknown, and only unadmired where it is misunderstood.

Two obstacles impede our recovery of that character which formerly was as freely accorded us by stranger nations as it was fondly nourished at home: our character for music, whose dark age set in in the very days when our character for painting began to dawn—the days of Hogarth, Thornhill, and Ramsay. The first of these obstacles is the belief in the fallacy that the English language is not good for singing, and the consequent affectation of our private, and alas! some of our public vocalists, to prefer singing in Italian, by the injurious practice of which they forfeit the ability to make themselves interesting or even intelligible when they at-

tempt the enunciation of their mother tongue. The other obstacle in the way of our musical resurrection is the inefficient rudimentary instruction that too often clogs the after career of artists and amateurs. Ill-educated in first principles, they are frequently incompetent to the simplest tasks of their art, though they pretend to feats of which well-schooled practitioners are diffident. It is not to be wondered at that taste is on a par with teaching, and that persons like bad music who know nothing of musical elements. This faulty tuition is not the consequence, but the cause of our low musical level, since it is not administered—would that I could say otherwise—only by English instructors.

These two serious obstacles must give way to the force of time, when the people will become regenerate, when the love and the talent natural to them will find free scope, when we shall no longer allow, and foreigners will no longer acquiesce in, the prejudice that "the English are not a musical people."

### Musical Convention at Worcester.

The Worcester County Musical Convention commenced its sessions in Washburn Hall, on the 19th, and the afternoon was given to vocal exercises and general practice from "The Triumph," under the guidance of Mr. Geo. F. Root. Despite the rain the class was larger than upon any previous occasion, and the parts better balanced. In the evening Mechanics Hall was used and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was rehearsed under the direction of Mr. Solon Wilder, the singers working at it with a will. Tuesday was a bright and beautiful day, and the class was largely increased; faithful study continued through the day with the exception of the time given to the public as the "Social Hour," at which several resident singers made their appearance. In the evening the *Stabat Mater* was again put in rehearsal, the chorus still larger and of better material than at any previous Convention. Wednesday brought its study hours upon the Creation and *Stabat Mater*, and a rehearsal of the selections for Mr. Root's concert in the evening. The "Social Hour" opened with a fine organ solo, Batiste's "Offertoire of St. Cecilia," by Mr. Howard E. Parkhurst; an organist of unusual ability for one of his years, bearing the true stamp of genius in his meritorious performance of everything he undertakes. He was followed by several members of the class, Miss Jennie Keyes, the light ballad singer from New York, and Mr. James Whitney, the favorite tenor from Boston. A hard, disagreeable rain commenced towards night, putting the streets in the worst condition, but not dampening the energies of the singers, who came out in large numbers at this first concert of the week. The chorus numbered nearly three hundred; well-balanced, well-trained, and in their strength capable of something worthier than the programme set before them.

With so large and efficient a chorus, and with so grand a support as our noble organ, some sterling work should be produced at every public performance, which would make both singer and auditor experience a sense of satisfaction. When the church tune book is withdrawn from our musical conventions they cannot fail to rapidly receive the character of festivals. The chorus is yearly improving in material, it prefers bending its energies to something great, and there is a growing desire in the community to have this feature set aside, which, well enough in its place, is engrossing too much time at these musical gatherings, where real musicians are assembling in larger numbers year by year. The public demands the change and we trust its wishes will soon be gratified. Mr. Root made from his new book, "The Triumph," selections best calculated to show the character of the work, and conducted his chorus ably, seated at the piano, with Mr. Parkhurst at the organ. The soloists were Miss Keyes, Mr. Whitney, and several members of the class. Mr. Whitney sang a pleasing song of Millard's, with ease and grace. Mr. C. C. Stearns played for an organ solo the overture to *Martha*, with fine orchestral effect, and excellent control of its difficulties. The grand feature of the evening was the eight-hand piece, "Les Contrastes," by Moscheles, performed by Messrs. B. D. Allen, Howard E. Parkhurst, G. W. Sumner, and Henshaw Smith, with rare fidelity and success; a noble performance truly! One that told in every strain, and left a deep impress upon the audience; its accurate, skilful interpretation made every one feel its greatness. Weber's "Invitation to the dance" arranged by Otto Dresel, was also played later in the evening, by these same pianists, of any one of whom Worcester may well be proud.

Thursday claimed its share of practice, setting aside its "Social Hour," which was better this day than previously. Mr. Littlefield of Stoughton, pos-



essor of a nice tenor voice, sang with good understanding a song, which received merited applause. Mr. F. S. Davenport followed with an organ solo, which was well performed, with the exception of a want of readiness in the arrangement of the stops; but as he is really a fine musician, we think it must have been owing to the impossibility of using the organ for practice during the week. Mrs. Monroe gave a selection well adapted to her voice and style, "The Lord's Own Day," by Otto, and Mrs. H. M. Smith made her first appearance in the midst of great applause, singing Eckert's "Swiss Echo Song," with her usual delicacy and sweetness. In the evening the audience was a good one, but the rain thinned the attendance considerably. Those who braved the storm were well paid, for it proved one of the finest concerts ever given in this city. In point of chorus singing it surpassed any previous performance here, owing mainly to the fact that the chorus was formed of experienced, reliable singers, who with the sure aid of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, felt confident of success, and won it. Mr. Parkhurst opened the programme with Bach's Praeludium in E minor, with noble success, bringing out the grand themes with remarkable clearness and strength. His second selection was the Adagio from Mendelssohn's 2d Sonata; its strange, mysterious beauty brought out with fine expression. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club were warmly welcomed, and played the overture to "La Fille du Regiment," and an arrangement for quintet of the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's Reformation Symphony, with that breadth of tone, and exquisite finish which mark the playing of this artistic little band. Mrs. Smith sang "Lo here the gentle lark;" a song full of embellishments, which admirably displayed her wonderful vocalization, and sweetness of tone. She received an encore and answered with an original song very feelingly sung. Mrs. Cary (her first appearance,) won admirers in her song "Blue Eyes," but her rich contralto voice told to better advantage in the "Stabat Mater," where she proved herself the artist that she is. Dr. Guilmette sang "It is enough," from Elijah, with that rare appreciation of oratorio music which makes him so admired, and Miss Keyes and Mr. Whitney sang a familiar duet. Stabat Mater was produced with grand effect. The chorus felt the music and threw their hearts into it, the excellent support of the Quintette Club incited them, and the organ (Mr. Parkhurst) and piano (Mr. Davenport) made a grand background. It was a greater chorus than Worcester ever saw in her hall before, and the performance was marked by precision and promptness. The solo parts were all fine. "Quis est homo" was delicious, sung by Mesdames Smith and Cary. Messrs. Whitney and Guilmette sustained their solos admirably; the latter singing some strains nobly, but he is too apt to resort to an abandon that produces unpleasant quality of tone. His *Pro Peccatis* contained some masterly points. The choros "Quando Corpus," was extremely fine; peculiarly difficult to sing with good effect, it can be wondrously beautiful, or a confusion of discords. It was a nice, artistic performance by a rare quartet of singers. The concert closed with the magnificent *Inflammatus*, solo and chorus, which was grand in its effect. The concert was a perfect success and one long to be remembered.

Friday afternoon brought the long looked for Symphony Concert by the Orchestral Union of Boston. The hall was filled with an eager, expectant audience, but there was a shade of disappointment as the programmes were overlooked, for the music was not the kind to give the deep satisfaction they had sought. The Symphony was Haydn's in D; a nice composition, beautiful in some of its movements, but not as satisfactory as the one in G, which charmed the great audience last Fast afternoon. Pity, but the general expression was one of disappointment that the Symphony was not as long nor as great a work as people had anticipated. Of course the whole programme was finely performed, and in a certain sense enjoyed; but when the people are craving music of a higher tone, why not raise the standard? Mrs. Smith, Miss Keyes and Mr. Whitney were the vocalists; Mr. Eichler, conductor, and the pianist, Mr. B. D. Allen, whose accompaniments are always so artistic as to claim a large share of the attention of an audience. In the evening came the closing performance, with Haydn's *Creation*. The large chorus, the efficient orchestra and the great organ, with talented soloists, made a grand finale to the musical week.—*Palladium*, Oct. 28.

#### A Word to Musical Novelists.

It is an awkward thing in real life to find that you have been complimenting an author or composer on the excellence of another man's work. "I assure you, Jones, it's the best thing you ever did." "Yes," re-

plies Jones, "but it isn't mine; that fellow Smith wrote it." Novelists and authors generally—but especially novelists—are fond of praising Weber for the melody known as "Weber's Last Thought," which, Weber being dead, does not, perhaps, matter very much as far as he, personally, is concerned. Nevertheless, "Weber's Last Thought" was not composed by Weber, but by his friend Reissiger. Weber liked the melody, and often asked Reissiger to play it to him; but that was all: and it was enough and more than enough for the speculative publisher by whom "Weber's Last Thought" was engraved and brought out. We are reminded of these facts, which ought to be better known, by a passage in Henry Mürger's posthumous novel, "Le Roman du Capucin," in which the heroine, after praising Verdi, and observing that one of his phrases "recalls the manner of Weber," adds that the latter's "Dernière Pensée" is "worth all the melodies of the Italian maestro," &c. This is hard upon poor Verdi, who, immeasurably inferior as he may be, and no doubt is, to Weber, at least ranks a little higher than Reissiger.

Alexandre Dumas, who admits somewhere that he neither knows nor cares anything about music,—he says, indeed, that it is "the most disagreeable form of noise that he is acquainted with,"—does not, by reason of his total ignorance, and worse than ignorance, in that respect, abstain from introducing musical incidents into his novels. Thus, in "La Femme au Collier de Velours," he makes Hoffmann play the waltz known in France as "Le Désir" ("Sehnsuchts-waltzer") to the said "Femme au Collier de Velours" (she has been guillotined, and her head is only kept on her body by a velvet collar), and attributes the piece to Beethoven, just as Mürger attributes Reissiger's waltz to Weber. The truth about the waltz played by Alexandre Dumas's Hoffmann to Alexandre Dumas's headless woman is, that it was not written by Beethoven at all. The principal motive is by Schubert, to which the same unprincipled music-publisher who christened it "Sehnsuchts-waltzer" added sixteen bars by no one in particular. Such tricks are seldom played upon the authors of books. Nevertheless, a work by Alexandre Dumas himself, and one of his best,—"*Pascal Bruno*,"—was treated in somewhat similar fashion in England. It was given into the hands of Mr. Theodore Hook, who translated it, and published it with his own name attached to it as "editor," and without any author's name at all. Stendhal, too, had a passion for stealing other men's works and passing them off, not precisely as his own, but as the productions of an imaginary "Beyle," or an equally imaginary "Bombet." It is now well known that for his studies on Haydn and Mozart, and for all the materials of his (very fallacious) "Life of Rossini," he was indebted to the Abbé Carpani. He could not quite make up his mind to plunder Carpani for his own personal glorification, but he apparently saw no harm in giving what he took from Carpani to fictitious personages of his own invention. Stendhal's publishers could be trusted to do the rest; and now Carpani, attired in the French garb, arranged for him by the pretended "Beyle," is sold at Michel Lévy's as pure Stendhal.

To return to our subject. Let us warn novelists of musical tendencies against the common mistake of supposing Schubert to be the composer of the song attributed to him under the title of the "Adieu." Sentimental heroines are always playing Schubert's melodies to their lovers, or to themselves in their lovers' absence; and if the novelist does not happen to have read Gosodin Lenz's capricious and fantastic, but highly valuable and interesting work, entitled "Beethoven et ses trois styles," he is apt (as more than one has already done) to fall into the error of making the young woman go into raptures about "Schubert's 'Adieu,'" which is no more Schubert's than Schubert's waltz, published under the title of "Sehnsuchts-waltzer," is Beethoven's, or than Reissiger's waltz, published under the title of "Weber's Last Waltz" and "Weber's Last Thought," is by Weber. Balzac was fond of Schubert, or at least of Schubert's name. But we fancy he introduced music into his admirable books only as a means of effect, and knew no more of the art than the great mass of novelists, including Charles de Bernard, whose ideal of the irresistibly seductive in music (see "Gerfaut") is the "Duke de Reichstadt's waltz" played as a duet,—bass by the lover, treble by his friend's wife. It is, after all, more permissible to regard Schubert as the composer of a song which has always been associated with his name, and which is quite in his style, than to represent a sensible and almost virtuous woman as losing her head (her heart is already gone) under the influence of one of Strauss's waltzes. The real composer of "Schubert's Adieu" was, according to the author of "Beethoven et ses trois styles," a German, or Russo-German amateur, M. de Weyrauch, who wrote the melody in question at Dorpat (Livonia) in the year 1820. The poem to which he

set the melody was not called the "Adieu" (once more a music publisher's invention!) but "Nach Osten." A Russian amateur singer introduced the air to the Musical Society of Paris, and being asked who wrote it, replied "Schubert," either because he knew no better (Signor Mario who sang the "Adieu" last season at a concert, Mr. Benedict accompanying him, still fancies it by Schubert), or, as the ingenious Lenz suggests, "because he thought the Parisians would be much obliged to him for sparing them the difficulty of pronouncing one more German name."

If "books have their fates," it is at least not often the fate of a book to get ascribed, through the carelessness or stupidity of a publisher, to an author who would never have thought of claiming it. It is otherwise with musical compositions, and M. de Weyrauch's "Nach Osten" having been published, sold, and generally adopted as "Schubert's Adieu," will, to all appearances, continue to be so known until it is forgotten altogether. The same sort of thing has often taken place with dramas, but then dramatists are often deliberately dishonest. Authors, as a rule, are honest. Composers are unfortunate.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

### Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, OCT. 26.—The Kellogg concerts, three in number, and matinée, were so successful musically and pecuniarily, that Mr. Strakosch has decided to give two Kellogg opera nights. The performances are to take place in the Academy of Music this evening and on Wednesday evening. Miss Kellogg was assisted at each of her concerts by Signori Lotti, Petrelli, Susini, Mons. Alard (cellist) and by Mlle. Topp (pianist). The general impression with regard to the cantatrice seems to be that she sings fully as well as she used, while in manner she has not improved. She seems to be more self-conscious (even self-consequent) than of yore, and to have lost that charming freshness and unassuming demeanor which were once her attractive characteristics. All this, be it understood, is a general impression, for the truth of which I am unable to vouch from personal knowledge.

Steinway Hall was opened to the public with a grand orchestral concert under the direction of Theo. Thomas, on Saturday evening. The hall, during the summer months, has been remodelled and decorated in an elegant and tasteful style, the important task having been confided to the care of Mr. Henry Reck, a distinguished European architect who was engaged expressly for the purpose.

"The old Orchestral platform has been converted into a large and permanent stage, enclosed on either side by elegant Proscenium boxes, from which about small balconies supported by columns forming an alcove over each of the 15th Street doors. The left of these boxes serves as a screen for the organ (necessarily placed in that corner of the hall) while that on the right is intended for ordinary occupation. The left of the proscenium is surmounted by a large medallion, in which is placed an alto-relievo bust of Beethoven, the corresponding one on the opposite side being occupied by one of Mozart. Midway of the rear wall, in two large alcoves, are placed two statues larger than life size; the one on the right being symbolic of Poetry—that on the left of Music. These statues were imported from Berlin, and are remarkable for their grace and beauty of design and execution, and also from the fact that but one other copy of either exists. There are many improvements in the interior construction of the hall, in the shape of minor details tending to the comfort of the auditory and the performers; among them are large additional and improved methods of ventilation."

All these improvements occupied many weeks of weary labor, and were made at an aggregate cost of \$25,000. The Steinways receive some reward for their liberal outlay in the admiring appreciation of the public and the very evident fact that this is one of the most elegant Music Halls in this, or perhaps any other country. It certainly surpasses anything which I have seen in Paris or London.

To return to Mr. Thomas's concert on Saturday evening. The attractions were an orchestra of 45, Mr. S. B. Mills, Mme. La Grange, Mr. F. Bergner and (last but not least) the new English dramatic reader, Mrs. Scott Siddons. The programme included the following old favorites:

5th Symphony, C minor.....Beethoven.  
1st Concerto, E minor.....Chopin.  
Mr. Mills.  
Overture, "Melusina".....Mendelssohn.

The orchestra, albeit a little weak in the last movement of the Symphony, played remarkably well. Mr. Mills was less excellent in the Concerto than might be wished, and his new composition (called, for some occult reason, "Fairy Fingers") is utter trash. Mme. La Grange sang an aria from *Don Giovanni* in a style which was sufficiently good, but would have been far better if she still possessed even a remnant of her formerly magnificent voice. Mr. Bergner played a cello solo with quiet excellence. Mrs. Scott-Siddons, who is a grand-daughter of the famous Mrs. Siddons, read the first part of Tennyson's greatly over-rated "May Queen," and the sleep-walking scene from "Macbeth." Mrs. S. is a lady of a little more than medium height, with a poetically beautiful face and a form of grace and elegance. Her reading is something wonderful, and she needs only a deeper and richer voice to be superb. Her conception of the two selections, so widely different in character, had something of positive genius and was entirely novel. Her reception was most warm and earnest and was a farewell augury of her professional success on this side of the Atlantic.

The Philharmonic Society will give its first concert on Saturday evening, November 28th. There will be six in the series (instead of five as heretofore), and they will occur in the months of November, January, February, March, April and May. One of the attractions offered is "Manfred" with Schumann's Overture and other music, the text being declaimed by Edwin Booth. Will give further particulars in my next letter.

I regret to say that, apparently, the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society has come to grief; at least the concerts are "suspended" during the present season, on account of the lack of adequate pecuniary encouragement in the shape of subscriptions. One of the Brooklyn papers of a recent date has a long article upon the subject in which the writer deploras "the situation" and gives the Brooklynites a sound verbal castigation. I quote a paragraph:

"We are going to let one of our best institutions (which has done us more good than half the churches in Brooklyn) utterly perish because we will not pay ten dollars apiece to keep it up."

Rather more truth than poetry in that hit. F.

CINCINNATI, OCT. 27.—I enclose the programme of the first concert of this season given by the Cecilia Society last evening. It embraces several fine compositions rendered here for the first time; and it is due the Society to say, that with regard to choice programmes they rank foremost in this city.

Chorus from the Oratorio, "Elijah".....Mendelssohn.  
Aria for Soprano from the Christmas Oratorio.....Bach.  
Miss Fanny Riefstahl.  
Nocturne for Piano, No. 2, Opus 32.....Chopin.  
Miss Sophy Werner.

"Oh, weep for them," from the Hebrew Songs of Lord Byron, for Chorus and Solo.....Hiller.  
Chorus—Andante. Soprano Solo and Chorus. Chorus and Solo—Moderato.

"The Crusaders," for Chorus and Solo.....Gade.  
First Scene: "In the Desert."

Chorus—Pilgrims and Women.

Peter Eremit—Basso Solo.

Elisoldo—Tenor Solo and Chorus—"Song of the Crusaders."

Peter Eremit—"Basso Solo and Chorus—"Prayer."

"Themas russes," for Piano.....L. de Meyer.  
Miss Sophy Werner.

Two Quartettes for Soprano, Alto, Tenor and Basso.

Oehlenschlaeger.

a. Evening Song.

b. Scotch National Song.

Chorus from "Elijah".....Mendelssohn.

The Chorus is not as large as might be desired for the sake of a more extensive cultivation of a high

standard of Music; but the execution of the choral works is neat, prompt and expressive. The leader, Mr. Geo. Schneider, is an artist of fine taste. The Society recently issued a circular, stating that they will give five concerts this winter. Among the list of new compositions enumerated I notice several works which probably have never been performed in this country, viz.: "The Crusaders" by Gade, "Oh weep for them," from the Hebrew Songs of Lord Byron, by Ferd. Hiller, very effectively performed at this concert; "Hero and Leander" by Vierling, and the latest sensation in Germany, "A German Requiem" by Brahms, which by reliable critics is pronounced to be a highly important composition.

The "Maenner-Chor" Society, with Mr. Andres as leader, gave a fine concert some weeks ago. The Harmonic Society has not been heard from yet this season. X.

NEWBURYPORT.—Having been for years a constant reader of your Journal, it has been a source of pure enjoyment to witness your settled policy of maintaining the claims of classic music, and also your thorough disapprobation of "clap-trap" and the musical humbugs of these "later days." Hence it occurred to me that some account of the Musical Festival conducted by Mr. C. P. MORRISON, which was held on the 14th, 15th and 16th of October, might interest you and your readers.

The Festival was ushered in by the rendering of the 42nd Psalm (Mendelssohn), with a carefully trained chorus of say 150 voices; the Recitatives and Arias being sustained by professional talent from Boston. Afterwards the beautiful Choral, "Sleepers, Wake!" was most effectively given, and also "Inflammatus," from "Stabat Mater."

On Thursday evening were presented selections from "Elijah," also, Chorus, "How lovely are the messengers," (St. Paul), and Chorus "The Glory of the Lord," from the "Messiah."

Friday morning the Mendelssohn Quintette Club gave a chamber concert of a purely classical character. The programme included Quintet in C-minor (Mozart), Scherzo from the "Reformation Symphony," Andante and Scherzo from Quartet in E, op. 44, (Mendelssohn), and Scene, Duet and Chorus from Romeo and Juliet (Gounod). A large and intelligent audience greeted these gems of Chamber music with appreciative demonstrations.

On Friday evening Mr. Morrison presented the *Creation* (entire), with the same soloists as above and a chorus of 180 voices. The solos during the Festival were given by Miss Julia E. Houston, Miss Addie Ryan, Mr. Wm. Winch, Mr. H. C. Barnabee, Mr. John F. Winch, with Mr. Howard M. Dow at the Grand Piano. On the evening of the *Creation* the Orchestra consisted of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, assisted by August Heindl (Contra Bass).

The several programmes were interspersed with lighter music without pandering to a vitiated taste.

The festival passed off pleasantly and was well attended.

It may not be improper to express my high appreciation of Mr. Morrison, irreproachable in his private character, a hard student of the old masters, a superior organist; to these qualities he unites in a happy degree that "savoir faire" so necessary to "conduct" with success. Lovers of pure music cannot withhold the encouragement he certainly deserves.

ORGANIST.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 7, 1868.

### Music at Home.

The fortnight past, like those before it, offers little matter for our Concert record,—some good things, to be sure, but scattering and miscellaneous. But now at length one of the all-absorbing crises of the national life is past; the great election is decided; we breathe freely again; we

shall have peace. Thank God! the brutal element is not to have the upper hand in shaping the destinies of this great nation; the temples of Art are not to be overthrown, new temples will be built, the worship in them become more sincere and pure. Now we have hopes for Music; the musical "season" will begin.—The musical occasions claiming mention since our last report are soon disposed of.

SENORITA FILOMENO'S "Grand Sacred Concert," at the Music Hall, on Sunday evening, Oct. 25, was well attended. The programme contained good things, besides others that were trivial and in no sense "sacred"; but the pieces were too long, too many, and too miscellaneous, while the audience was too much of that unmusical, *encoring* kind, which, thinking more of the person than of the music, more of the moment's pleasure in a single piece (or single phrase or note sometimes) than of the concert as a whole, goes on recklessly lengthening out what was already too long and pulling it all out of symmetry, —gorging itself with sweetmeats at the very beginning of a long bill of fare.—These remarks do not apply to that particular concert alone, but more or less to all miscellaneous concerts purposely addressed to miscellaneous audiences. And so it is the uniform experience of musical culture, that the more deeply and truly musical any one becomes, the more sure is he to yawn at the very thought of a miscellaneous concert, or any concert wherein the programme is not determined by purely artistic instead of personal motives of display or business. And none the less because there may be good things in the programme; the good things never sound quite right brought into such false relations; Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, for example, in a great medley, so-called "popular" Concert, though played by Camilla Urso herself, as we have sometimes heard it, sounds no longer like itself, but takes a certain character of unreality from this heterogeneous companionship, and seems strangely demoralized and disappointing. A musical masterwork must be heard among master works, at least amid congenial surroundings.—We make no apology for this digression (as it may seem to some) upon the much neglected art of programme making.

That Mendelssohn Concerto was the principal piece chosen by the young Chilean maiden for the exhibition of her virtuosity as a violinist. No one could but feel wonder at the correct, even, almost easy manner in which she went through the whole three difficult long movements, without mistake or faltering, always in good tune, and entirely from memory. This was a rare achievement, and as such had to be admired. But admiration of the achievement did not necessarily carry with it the musical enjoyment proper to that noble composition. A child's interpretation of a work, of which a mature artist never feels that he has quite brought out all its meaning, cannot well satisfy the musical desire as such; nor can it be the child's own interpretation; it must in a great measure have been learned mechanically from others. You are not brought into live contact with the music after all, you do not realize it, you perceive its cold *simulacrum* only and curiously wonder at the imitation. Indeed it was not the right task for a child, nor could any even greater success of mere execution make it so. One great drawback was the want of power; the tone was often feeble, so that the



ear had to take on credit from the eyes many a rapid phrase or passage which it could not half hear; parts of the picture, though it was doubtless all there, were most faintly pencilled. But this, we are convinced, was much the fault of a poor instrument; such a talent certainly deserves a good one. In the second part, the young lady played Variations by Alard, her French teacher, on *Anna Bolena* themes. For a Piano solo she played again the first movement of Chopin's *E-minor Concerto*, and played it, we thought, better than we have heard her do before.

Next in interest,—chief no doubt with many—was the first public appearance, since her return from studies with the great French tenor, Duprez, of Miss ANNA GRANGER, one of our Boston sopranos, who sang a French version of the well-known *Scena and Prayer* from *Der Freyschütz*, a *Sancta Maria* (rather commonplace) by Faure—the French baritone, we suppose, whom we remember as the best Don Giovanni that we ever heard,—and in the *Quando corpus* Quartet by Rossini. Her voice, like her face and whole appearance, is bright and pronounced, clear and brilliant rather than particularly sympathetic, though pleasing and of good volume, evenly developed through a large compass, freely delivered and gracefully managed. The singing has been characterized, rightly no doubt, as of the French school, which has its merits, chiefly those of sharp outline and a certain outleaping and elastic ease and freedom. It brings out the voice effectively, but is apt to treat the music rather strangely; thus, what sense or music was there in so altering and disguising with new turns and cadences, hacknied and sentimental, out of keeping with the style of Weber, a melody so peculiarly his own, so perfect in itself? The latter part was brilliantly executed; and the other pieces, given more simply, showed the singer to good advantage. Miss Granger must take high rank among our sopranos.

Other vocal pieces in this concert were: "*Fac ut portem*" from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, sung in the warm contralto and pure style and feeling of Mrs. CARY; the tenor solo "If with all your hearts," from *Elijah*, delicately rendered by Mr. WHITNEY; Handel's "Why do the nations rage," by Mr. RUDOLPHSEN; and "*Quando corpus*" by the four. The great Organ opened each part, played by Mr. THAYER.

A novelty in this concert was the appearance of an Orchestra, of some 30 musicians, all said to be of Boston, yet whose faces on that stage we had not seen before. They were under the direction of Mr. D. C. HALL, well known as the leader of one of our best bands. It was rather a green orchestra, to be sure, and yet did not get along so badly; we have heard worse performance from bands more experienced and having reputation. The not very "sacred" overture to "The Poet and Farmer," by Suppe, and the accompaniments to the Mendelssohn Concerto, were played at least without hitch and in good tune; and one of their number, Mr. O. A. WHITTEMORE, showed himself a superior solo player on the clarinet. But what makes that first appearance noteworthy is the proof it furnished that there are musicians enough in Boston, outside of those who hitherto have done all the orchestral work, and (what is better still) outside of all "Protective Unions," pledged to mutual tyranny of rules regarding prices, &c., to make up another

orchestra, small indeed, but with all the usual departments represented. Here then we see at last the possibility of two orchestras, as well as the means of supplementing the great orchestra. For in this quiet little beginning of a new movement we may read the promise of something good in due time, if it be wisely cherished and conducted, not in the spirit of opposition, but simply in the spirit of freedom and improvement.

Mrs. FLORA E. CARY. The Benefit at Chickering's arranged for this estimable lady and true artist by her friends, took place on Tuesday evening, Oct. 27. The audience was of the best and numerous, though it did not entirely fill the hall. The selections, as we have shown before, were choice, and so were the performers. The concert was opened and closed by pieces for two pianos played, with ripe artistic sense and fineness, by Messrs. HUGO LEONHARD and J. C. D. PARKER: namely: Schumann's lovely theme and Variations in B flat, and the "*Hommage à Haendel*," by Moscheles, which is always interesting, Handel-like in some parts, in others just as unlike as possible, with light, ear-tickling melody.

The Violin playing of Mr. LISTEMANN was admirable in all the points of execution, and full of fire and feeling. He works out every intricate, fine, figurative passage with rare subtlety and distinctness; the outline is never blurred or distorted; the light and shade finely graduated; the tone pure and true and musical, though of a slenderer quality than we should have expected from a pupil of Joachim. The man and his playing make an impression of refinement, genuine and from within, assuring you that the still fire of artist enthusiasm burns there. We have rarely heard the Andante and Variations of the "Kreutzer" Sonata, which he played with Mr. Parker, so satisfactorily rendered. We should think Mr. Listemann would lead a Quartet well. His solo pieces: the *Ballade et Polonaise* by Vieuxtemps, and Hungarian Airs by Ernst, were more wonderful in the performance than interesting in themselves,—particularly the latter, which was full of extravagances, and not in keeping with so quiet and sincere a programme.

The singing was all by Mrs. CARY herself, and that was all the listeners desired. She never was in better voice, and entered heartily and happily into the spirit of the gems of song which she had chosen. Chief of these was Mozart's "*Deh vieni*," from *Figaro*, with introductory Recitative,—a piece which always suits her admirably. The two songs by Franz, so opposite in character: "*Er ist gekommen*" and "*Auf dem Meer*;" the two by Mendelssohn: "Though far away" and "*Neue Liebe*;" the romantic little Watersprite song of Dessauer, called "Enticement" (*Lockung*), with its well contrived accompaniment, and Mr. Parker's "Angel's Call,"—all awakened a desire to hear them over again.

The two Conservatories have each given a Chamber Concert during the past week to their pupils and friends, at Chickering Hall. That of Mr. EICHBERG's "Boston" Conservatory had for programme: Sonata in F, for Violin and Piano, Beethoven; Song from Handel's "Jephtha;" Andante from Beethoven's Quartet in E flat, arranged for violin, piano and cabinet organ; Largo from a Sonata by Bach for Violin with Organ; Song; March from *Athalia*, Mendelssohn.

The programme for the "New England" Conservatory (Mr. TOURJEE's), last Tuesday, contained: Polonaise, op. 22, by Chopin; Song by Franz; *Ballade et Polonaise*, for Violin, Vieuxtemps; *Elisir d'Amore* Fantasia, by Thalberg; Rondo from *Sonnambula*; Airs *Hongrois*, violin, Ernst. The violinist was Herr Listemann.

NEXT IN ORDER are, first the two concerts of Miss LOUISA KELLOGG in the Music Hall, on Friday and Saturday evenings of this week,—one of them past ere this appears. Of course the seats have all been taken by crowds eager to hear and see the American

prima donna fresh from her London triumphs. Miss TOPP, the pianist, adds a great attraction; and also there are Sig. LOTTI, the tenore, and PETRILLI, baritone, who, as well as Herr WENZEL KOPTA, the violinist, makes his first appearance here.

The first SYMPHONY CONCERT of the Harvard Musical Association comes on Thursday next, at 3½ P.M., when the Music Hall will undoubtedly be filled,—although it is very far from true, as has been so currently and positively reported, that all the seats are taken for the season. The Hall has 2,500 numbered seats, a good third part of which are open still to purchasers. Mr. ZERRAHN, who should reach home to-day or to-morrow, having been away during the rehearsals, this first programme has been studied under Mr. EICHBERG, who will accordingly conduct the concert, and who holds the place of Vice-Conductor. Three or four of the promised musicians having disappointed us at the last moment, the number of the Orchestra may be more safely reckoned at sixty, instead of 64 as stated in our last. The programme has a stately opening, as becomes the beginning of such a series of concerts; the first part consisting of two grand works of Beethoven: the *Dedication Overture*, op. 124, in C, and the "Heroic" Symphony. In the second part Miss ALIDA TOPP will play Chopin's first Concerto, in E minor, and the Overture to *Oberon* with its magic mellow horn will wind up the whole.

PHILADELPHIA.. We have already alluded to the feasts of chamber music announced by Mr. Carl Wolfsohn and by Mr. Charles H. Jarvis. Here are the programmes in full. Mr. Wolfsohn, assisted by Mons. Colonne, violinist, and Mr. Rudolph Hennig, violoncellist, spreads out six tempting bills of fare, as follows:

#### 1. *Matinee, Nov. 20.*

Sonata, Piano and Violin, (A minor), Rubinstein; Ave Maria, Shakespeare Serenade, Schubert—Piano Transcription, Liszt; Elegie, Violoncello, Bazzini; Sonata, Violin, Viotti; Trio, (op. 97, B flat Major), Piano, Violin and Violoncello, Beethoven.

#### 2. *Matinee, Dec. 18.*

Sonata, Piano and Violin, (op. 4, Kreutzer) Beethoven; Cavatina, Romanze, Violoncello, Raff, Goltermann; Fantasie, (op. 49, F minor), Piano, Chopin; Morceaux de Salon, Violin, Spohr; Trio, (B flat major), Piano, Violin and Violoncello, Rubinstein.

#### 3. *Matinee, Friday, January 15th, 1869.*

Sonata (A major), Piano and Violin, Raff; Concerto (Adagio), Violoncello, Molique; Des Abends, Traumeswirren, Fantasie Stücke for Piano, Schumann; Tarantelle, Violin, Schubert; Trio (C minor), Piano, Violin and cello, Mendelssohn.

#### 4. *Matinee, Friday, February 12th, 1869.*

Sonata (A minor), Piano and Violin, Schumann; Air d'Eglise, Violoncello, Stradella; Variations Serieuses, Piano, Mendelssohn; Air Espagnole, Andante, Violin, Roberecht, Haydn; Trio, B flat, Schubert.

#### 5. *Matinee, Friday, March 12th, 1869.*

Sonata (F major), Piano and cello, Beethoven; Chaconne, Violin, Bach; Nocturne, (D flat major), Impromptu, (G flat major), Piano, Chopin; Le Reve, Violoncello, Goltermann; Trio, (D minor), Schumann.

#### 6. *Matinee, Friday, April 9th, 1869.*

Andante and Rondo, (B minor), Piano and Violin, Schubert; Air, Abenlind, cello, Bach; Fantasia, (C major, op. 17,) Piano, Schumann; Andante, Romanesca, Violin, Mendelssohn, Baillot; Trio, (C minor), Piano, Violin and cello, Raff.

Mr. Jarvis' soirées are likewise six in number, and as they are to be in *Natorium Hall*, no doubt they will go on swimmingly. His violinist will be Mr. Gotthilf Gulemann, and for violoncellist he too announces Mr. Rudolph Hennig; and here is his list of good things:

#### *November 28th.*

Sonata—op. 45, B. flat—Piano and cello, Mendelssohn; Violin Solo—Concerto in A minor, No. 22, Viotti; Piano Solo—Ballade G Minor, op. 23, Chopin; Violoncello Solo—Adagio, Schubert; Trio—in D, op. 70, Piano, Violin and cello, Beethoven.

December 12th.

Piano Sonata—op. 53, C major, Beethoven; Violoncello Solo—Concerto A minor, Goltermann; Piano Solo—Rhapsodie Hongroise, Liszt; Violin Solo—“Chaconne,” J. S. Bach; Trio—Piano, Violin and cello, D Minor, op. 49, Mendelssohn.

January 9th, 1869.

Grand Sonata—Piano and Violin, C Minor, op. 30, Beethoven; Violoncello Solo—Romance, Franchomme; Piano Solos—*a*, Etude in E Minor, Henselt; *b*, Nocturne in D flat, Chopin; Violin Solos—*a*, Kinderlied, *b*, Caprice in B flat, Etude, David; Quartet—Piano and Instruments, op. 47, Schumann.

February 6th, 1869.

Piano Sonata—op. 106, in D, Hummel; Violin Solo—Caprice, Hauser; Piano Solos—“In der Nacht,” “Traumes Wirren,” Schumann; Violoncello Solo—“Elegie,” Bazzini; Trio in B flat—op. 99, Piano, Violin and cello, Schubert.

March 6th, 1869.

Sonata—Piano, op. 22, G Minor, Schumann; Violoncello Solo—“L'Infidèle,” Lindner; Piano Solos—*a*, Etude in C sharp Minor, op. 25, No. 7; *b*, Etude in A Minor, op. 25, No. 11, Chopin; Violin Solo, 9th Concerto, Adagio—Rondo, Spohr; Trio in E Major—Piano, Violin and cello, Mozart.

April 3d, 1869.

Sonata—Piano and cello, op. 69, Beethoven; Violin Solo—Romance, op. 60, F Major, Beethoven; Piano—Deuxième Concerto, F Minor, op. 21, Larghetto—Allegro vivace, Chopin; Violoncello Solo—Adagio, Molière; Quintet—Piano and instruments, op. 44, Schumann.

NEW YORK. The *Weekly Review* makes favorable report of the first concert of the Liederkranz:

The programme was very fine, denoting taste and discrimination. Many were the enjoyments derived from the music and from most of its rendering; and in this latter respect we must not omit to mention the orchestra, composed of amateurs. Considering the task they had essayed—no less than the performance of three parts of Beethoven's symphony in C minor—the result must be pronounced highly satisfactory, reflecting great credit upon the leader of the society, Mr. A. Paur. The vocal performances, including Schumann's cantata, “Page and King's Daughter,” were also creditable, though the last-named composition offered many technical difficulties as well as those of conception and style. The “Page and King's Daughter” consists of four ballads, written at a period in the life of the master which was by no means a happy one. The impression produced by the work was, on the whole, unfavorable; but this was partly owing to the fact that the orchestral accompaniment was supplanted by one for the piano. To musically illustrate such subjects, as laid down in these four poems by Geibel, the orchestral coloring is indispensable. The soloists of the concert, Mrs. Zimmermann, Miss Ferriehs, Miss Pfaffman, and Messrs. Lotti, Steins, Ferdinand von Inten, and Wenzel Kopta, distinguished themselves in their respective spheres. Mr. Inten made his first appearance before a New York audience. He is one of the latest arrivals from Germany, and in every respect a promising one. In fact he already stands in the foremost rank of our pianists. He has a great amount of solid technical power, which he uses with tact and discrimination. His touch is good and can produce varied shades of expression. His conception is poetical, and if he does not always carry out his intentions, he gives abundant proof that at no distant day he will do so.

The Berge Choral Union, formed and conducted by the distinguished organist, Mr. William Berge, announces that the rehearsals for the season have commenced, and are held for the present, on the Tuesday evenings of each week, in the Sunday school rooms in the basement of St. Ann's Church, for Deaf Mutes, No. 9 West Eighteenth street. An augmented chorus, among whom are to be found some of the finest musical talent in the city, will be presented this season. For the season of 1868-9, four concerts will be given at Trenor's Lyric Hall, Sixth avenue, near Forty-second street. The first concert took place last Tuesday, when Mr. Berge's Mass, No. 3, Mendelssohn's cantata, “Hear my Prayer,” and Mr. Berge's Jubilate, No. 1, were performed. The second concert, Dec. 22d, promises: Beethoven's “King Stephen,” Meyerbeer's “The Penitent,” and baritone solo with chorus; for the third, Mercadante's “Seven Last Words,” Beethoven's opus 80, Fantasia for chorus, orchestra and piano, (solo pianist, Bernardus Boeckelman); and the fourth, Chipp's oratorio, “Job.”—*Ibid*,

The London *Athenæum* says:

We drew attention some weeks ago, to the wide range of music presented during the past three or four years by some of the American societies. It is a good sign for the future that the Symphony Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association are to be increased in number this winter. The people of Boston have been so thoroughly familiarized with the great masters that there is now comparatively little classical novelty to be brought before them for the first time. But it appears that Haydn's genial symphonies have lately been shouldered out of the way by the more imposing creations of Beethoven, only three or four specimens of the genius of the originator of large orchestral works having been brought out in as many years. The Harvard Association cannot do better than give their subscribers copious draughts of Haydn, if only as an antidote to the unwholesome influence [!] of Schumann and his followers.

The Handel and Haydn Society of the same enlightened city entertains the project of giving Dr. Sterndale Bennett's “Woman of Samaria,” while the best chamber music will be brought to a hearing by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. All this speaks well for the musical cultivation of our Transatlantic brethren.

The plot of M. Flotow's new opera, “The Two Composers,” appears from a short sketch given in several of the French papers to be of the very slightest. A certain Kapellmeister, attached to some German princeling, is so jealous of rivalry that it is the object of his life to keep all other composers at a distance. But he is induced by his daughter to retain the services of a young musician of talent, and he ends by bringing out his rival's opera and giving his sanction to a union with his child. It is said that the librettist, M. Genée, has had a hand in the composition of the music, in order that the title of the opera may be doubly justified. Surely this is laborious trifling.

Abbé Liszt has completed a Requiem for male voices with organ accompaniment; and M. Gade is engaged on a new work for chorus and orchestra.

LEIPZIG. The first Gewandhaus concert took place on the 8th ult., Carl Reinecke conducting. The selections were: Cherabini's *Anacreon* Overture; Recit. and Aria from Spohr's *Faust*, sung by Frau Peschka-Leutner; Violin Concerto, op. 26, by Max Bruch, played by Concertmeister David, (first time); Recit. and Aria from Weber's “*Silvana*.” Concert piece for violin (op. 20) by Camille Saint-Saëns.—*Part Second*. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.—(Our friend Zerrahn was probably a listener.)—Bruch's Concerto is spoken of as a work of “great artistic noblesse.” It is dedicated to Joachim.

In the second concert M. Saint-Saëns, from Paris, was to play a piano composition of his own; Frl. Ritter, of the royal opera at Munich, was to sing; and the orchestral pieces to be Mendelssohn's *Hebriden* Overture, and the first Symphony (B flat) of Schumann. Joachim was promised for the third concert (Oct. 22), and a new Symphony by Bruch.

OPERA IN GERMANY. The pieces performed in some of the chief cities during the first half of October were as follows:

BERLIN. Marschuer's *Templer und Jüdin*; Auber's *Fra Diavolo*; Beethoven's *Fidelio*; Kreutzer's *Nachtlager von Grenada*; Meyerbeer's *Africaine*; do. Robert; Boieldieu's *Jean de Paris*; Meyerbeer's *Prophète*.

VIENNA. Donizetti's *Lucia and Lucrezia Borgia*; Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet*; *Faust*; Wagner's *Lohengrin*; Meyerbeer's *Africaine*; Verdi's *Bal Masqué* and *Trovatore*.

MUNICH. Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur*; Weber's *Oberon*; Auber's *Le Maçon*; Spohr's *Jesonda*; Meyerbeer's *Robert*; Flotow's *Stradella*.

DRESDEN. *Lohengrin*; Mozart's *Seraglio*; Verdi's *Trovatore*; Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*; Gluck's *Orpheus*.

LEIPZIG. Robert le Diable; *Fille du Regiment*; Offenbach's *La Belle Hélène* (!); Weber's *Oberon*; Mozart's *Zauberflöte*; Gounod's *Faust*; Auber's *Maçon*; Boieldieu's *La Dame Blanche*.

COLOGNE. *Stradella*, *Huguenots*; Dr. Freyschütz; *La Dame Blanche*; Adam's “Postilion”; *Trovatore*; Zambertflöte; William Tell; *Fidelio*.

## Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson &amp; Co.

## Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Angel voices. Song and Cho. 3. Bb to f. J. R. Thomas. 40  
A very sweet and “sacred” song.
- Italian Guinea-pig boy. 2. Bb to f. Pratt. 30  
Sung by Lingard, and is a nice song to amuse children.
- Above a star is falling. (Es fällt ein Stern. 5. A to g. Franz. 30  
Twa lovely een. (Ihr Auge). 5. A to f sharp. “These two belong to the 2d series of Franz's songs. Perfect in their way, and that way a good one, they need no further praise.
- The Milkmaid in the Morning. Song and Cho. 2. C to g. Magoun. 30  
Charming. Original. Simple. Refreshing.
- Little Nell. 3. Eb to e flat. Linley. 30  
More about Nell's grandfather than about Nell. Beautiful music to the well-known poem.
- Bitter Beer. 2. F minor to f. Edwards. 30  
Sung by Lingard, in the character of the “languid swell” who was so revived by the bitter beer. Good lager—temperance song.
- Walking in the Park. 2. C to e. 30  
Melody of “Walking in the Zoo,” which is a favorite already. Rather funny story about Cousin Loo, and the “cheerful Cockatoo.”
- The Wickedest Man in N. York. 2. Bb to f. T. Pastor. 30  
The W. M. as seen from Tony Pastor's point of view. One of the passing “songs of the times.”

## Instrumental.

- Electric Spark. Galop. 3. Eb. Fernald. 35  
“Spark”-ling and bright.”
- Summer Reveries. 6 Idyls. G. D. Wilson. 50  
Of these are published,  
A night in June. 4. Ab. 50  
Morning. 4. Eb. 50  
The Shepherd Boy. 3. G. 50  
Three very agreeable results of Mr. Wilson's “Idyl” dreaming, last summer. They embody much graceful music, the first containing sweet “night thoughts,” the second a bright resume of musical thoughts appropriate to the new and fresh day, and the third a simple and pretty Shepherd's song.
- Polka animosa. 3. Eb. Biedermann. 35  
Has fuller harmony than is usual in polkas. So much richer!
- Good Templar Schottisch. 3. Eb. Winter. 30  
A spirited piece. Play it in your lodges.
- Galop. Fleur de Thé. 4. G. Ketterer. 60  
One of the favorites in a new opera, which has a sort of mixture of French and Chinese music.
- Fleur de Thé. Galop. 3. D. Russell. 40  
The same melody, more simply arranged.
- Capt. Jinks' Quickstep. For Brass Bands. 1.00  
Champagne Charlie. “ “ “ “ 1.00  
Brass bands all over the country will please notice and purchase.

## Books.

- Exercises for training the Female Voice. Madame Seiler. \$2.00  
Madame Seiler has done good service by her translation of an excellent method. She now furnishes teachers with the means to carry out the method into practice. Well worth examining.
- The Organist. By L. H. Southard and G. L. Whiting. Cloth, \$3.50  
Many persons are able to execute well on the organ, but are greatly puzzled how to arrange the stops to secure the best results. This book is especially designed to develop taste and dexterity in this direction. There are careful directions for expression throughout.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



